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Vapor That Makes Clouds

The Thundering Might of Niagara Is In the Filmy
Intangible Phenomenon.

Every life has its bitter moments; as years pass they increase.

James, "a servant of God" and inspired, was in bitter mood when he told the twelve tribes, "Your life is even as a vapor that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away."

Ruskin, an earnest, noble thinker and writer, whose life became bitter with disappointment, said concerning that text from the fourth chapter of James: "I suppose few people reach the middle or latter period of their age without having at some moment of change or disappointment felt the truth of those bitter words, and been startled by the fading of the sunshine from the cloud of their life into the sudden agony of the knowledge that the fabric of it was as fragile as a dream, and the endurance of it as transient as the dew."

The Jewish slave in Egypt, working under the lash and the hot sun, bemoaned the bitterness of his fate. And the king on his throne, with all his power and all his wives, his palaces and gold, cried out "My days are like a shadow that declineth; and I am withered like grass," and again, "I am poor and lonely, and my heart is wounded within me."

"I am gone like the shadow when it declineth."

The great king of old, the man of years and fortune today, as he goes out to walk, solitary, can see in the sky, in the clouds that drift, and in the shadows on the grass, reproduction of his own life.

Yesterday they were not, tomorrow they will not be, like clouds and vapor they pass.

On this page is a picture of clouds seen through old, discouraged eyes. There drifting by are the friends, memories of the past, actually as real as anything on this earth.

One man has tried and failed. His text is "Man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain."

Another has "succeeded," in the eyes of the world. You see such a man in this picture. He knows that he is as unreal as the shadow that his body throws upon the ground as he walks, as unreal as the floating clouds that take on strange shapes. A cloud, a vapor, a shadow that grows longer as the sun goes down, and dies with the sun's light, such indeed is the life of man.

But it is the life of his BODY, not the life of his spirit, that passes away.

And those very things that discourage him—the vapor, the clouds and the shadow—they, not the solid earth and rocks, are the REAL things.

What is the shadow behind you? It is the sign that the sun's beautiful light is shining upon your face. That shadow proves that you are in the light. And as your shadow on the ground tells the power of the sun, so your shadowy life on this earth tells the power of God, of the wisdom that rules the universe, that has its purpose in putting you here, as it has its purpose in putting those clouds in the sky, giving to sunlight power to draw water from the ocean and make it clouds above.

What is the cloud, that vapor floating above you, carrying with it the beautiful colors of sunlight, the fruitfulness of the fields, the hope of harvest? It is like your life, because it contains in it that which this earth needs, the promise of better days coming.

A child could pass its hand unimpeded through the thickest clouds ever piled in the sky. But the thundering power of Niagara is all made of the vapor that makes those clouds.

It is a cloud at first, and does its work as a cloud, sheltering the earth, falling in fertilizing rain and then comes down as a torrent, supplying power to the factory from the fall of Niagara.

That which was at first a fleecy cloud is today the horsepower moving machinery and lighting cities.

The Bible, condensation of ancient thought and wisdom, nobly written record of inspired minds, has, if well read, no discouraging word. That you are a passing shadow it tells you. You are told also:

"He maketh the winds His messengers; the momentary fire His minister."

Nothing more solid than what seems least solid. The wind that blows upon your face as you look at the moving cloud is solid substance, and the weight of it bears down upon you in atmospheric pressure with weight infinitely

Yes, "Life Is As A Vapor That Vanishes"



Man looking up from the solid earth on which he stands to the moving clouds above him, sees in those clouds HIMSELF, his life that passes, drifting from the cradle to the grave, as the clouds drift from East to West.

He says to himself, what another voice said to him thousands of years ago, "What is your life? It is even as a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

Life IS a vapor, a cloud that floats today and is gone tomorrow. But in that cloud there is the power of the waterfall, the wealth and generosity of the rain. And in man as he passes there is power that will make future lives real.

Pope, in shallow, clever verse seeks to reconcile man to his cloud resemblance.

"Meanwhile opinion gilds, with varying rays,

These painted clouds that beautify our days;

Each want of happiness by hope supplied,

And each vacuity of sense, by pride.

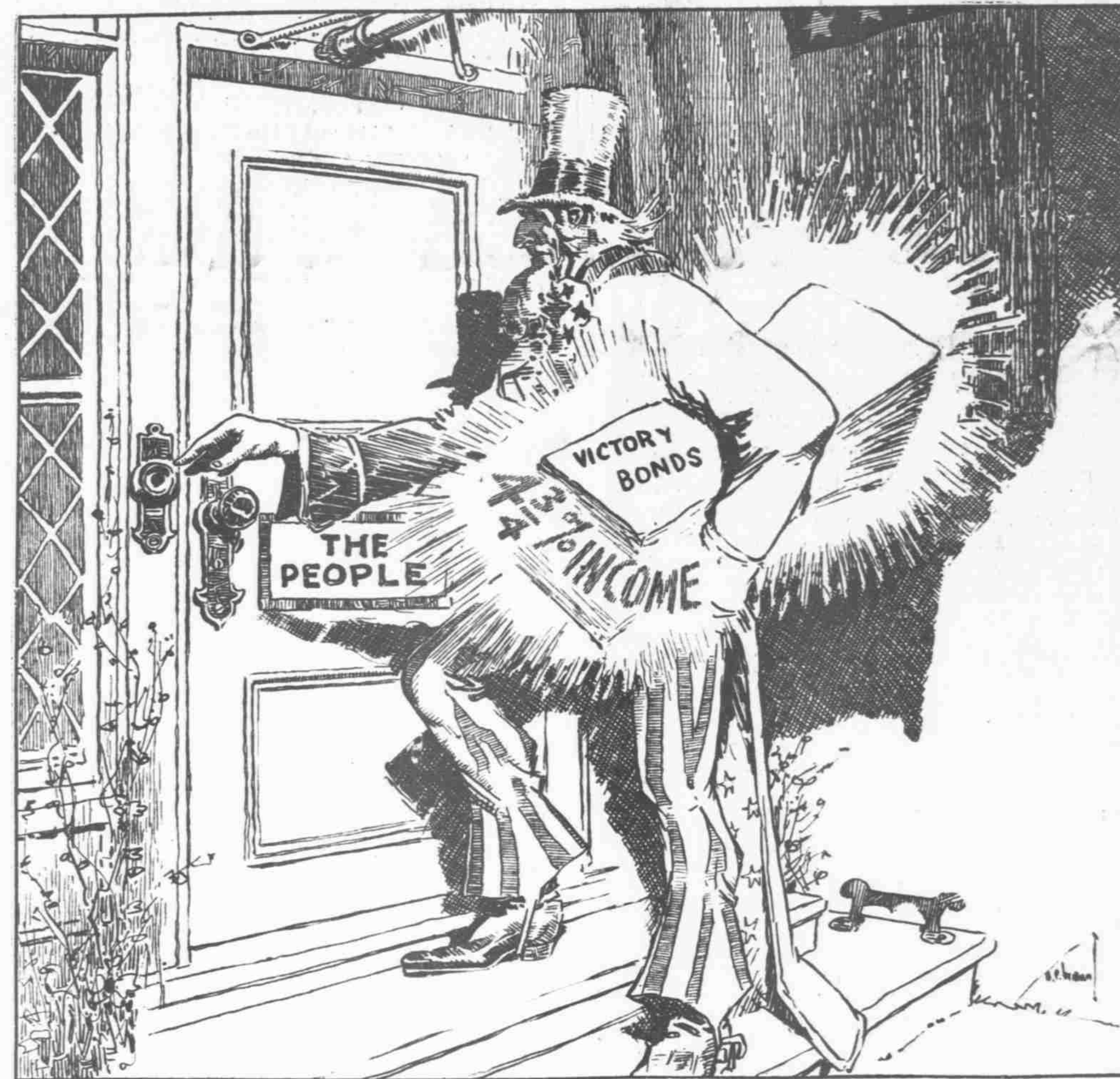
"Hope builds as fast as Knowledge can destroy;

In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble joy;

One pleasure past, another still we gain,

And not a vanity is given in vain."

The Gilt-Edge Opportunity--At Your Door



greater than any other burden you could bear.

The clouds above you are of water, substance so solid that you cannot compress it. You may take a ball of steel and compress it to a smaller volume. Take a globe of the same size filled with water—you cannot compress it a thousandth of an inch.

A lump of lead in your hand you call solid. Analyze it as the scientist does. You reduce it to molecules, these to atoms, the atoms to electrons. And in those electrons that make up all matter you have nothing but the evidence of electric force, nothing more solid than the current that brings your friend's voice to you over the telephone wire.

Life IS like a cloud that vanishes.

But while the cloud exists it adds to the beauty of the earth. When it vanishes it has become rain to fertilize, waterpower to move. And after it goes back into the great ocean that sent it out it will come up to be again a beautiful cloud, beneficent rain and useful force.

Human beings are God's clouds, force and power on this

earth. They should exult, not despair, because of the change, the shifting, vanishing, and the coming again that make life worth while.

We are clouds and shadows, and like them images of power and purpose. We vanish with the darkness of death, as they vanish with the night. But we live again. Another sun rises for us, in another world, as the sun rises here, bringing back the light and coloring the clouds again.

Your gloomy, bitter moments cannot be escaped. And in bitterness and sorrowful thought the mind finds new strength for work.

Sad thoughts, like the clouds of today, may be transferred into power tomorrow. And always waiting upon men that are willing to see are "the three great angels of CONDUCT, TOIL, and THOUGHT, still calling to us, and waiting at the posts of our doors to lead us, with their winged power, and guide us, with their unerring eyes, by the path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye has not seen."

HEARD AND SEEN

By EARL GODWIN.

"I think that saving a little child
And bringing him to his own,
Is a durned sight better business
Than loafing around the throne."
LITTLE BREECHES.

CHARLIE HOWE, who is treasurer of the American Security and Trust Company, ought to be buried under money if he gets what is coming to him from the modest little appeal that the Washington Home for Foundlings is sending out to the people of Washington.

This home is one of the thoroughly Washington charities. It is something that Washington needs and has needed. It is a place where little children—the kind that would starve when left on doorsteps and in vacant lots—are carefully brought up with all the love and comfort that any child minus a mother could have. In fact, the home does more for some children than some mothers can do.

All this home asks for is \$10,000 to cover repairs to its city and country establishments, and to provide the greatly needed comforts for the children who are there now. Their summer home is nearly twenty-five years old. It is near Bethesda, Md., far away from the bricks and asphalt and the closely packed houses where the air becomes superheated and deadly to little children in the hot summer days and nights. The summer home needs immediate repairs, and, unless these repairs are made at once, the children will be compelled to remain in the city home all during the summer.

These people are asking the friends of the children of the city to assist them in meeting the \$10,000 emergency. During the week of April 21 they ask that this matter be brought to the attention of the public and that the needed assistance be given. The home is non-sectarian and cares for all waifs and foundlings that may be entrusted to its care. From this home many children have been adopted by the rich folks that you read about in fairy tales and in real life, who can have no children of their own, and, therefore, go to an orphan asylum to pick up some little stray baby who needs a mother.

From the Editor's Mail

I am a constant reader of your paper, never miss a thing, and I am in great hopes of the druggist who spoke for sage tea and sulphur also reads the column. If not, some else may be able to solve the problem, as there are many equally difficult. He said, "Sage tea and sulphur would darken gray hair." Directed one to dampen soft brush with it and draw through hair, taking each strand separate; do this at night, and at morning gray hair would be dark. Now, I am a sick woman, with a heavy suit of hair, mostly all gray. If I begin on Apr. 15, following directions, what morning may I expect to see the gray hairs dark? Don't he also think I need a little tonic to strengthen me while I do this?

F. W. A.,
1373 North Carolina Ave. N. E.

That Big, Hot Star.

Perhaps MR. MAURICE's friend confuses the terms "star" and "planet." A star is a body which is outside of the solar system. A planet is a body which revolves about the sun as a center. Planets are smaller and cooler than the sun. Jupiter, the largest, is only one-tenth of the diameter of the sun and only one-thousandth of the mass or volume. The temperature is lower, being probably less than half of the solar temperature. The temperatures of Mars, Mercury, and Venus approach that of the earth.

There are many stars which surpass the sun in size and temperature. Arcturus, for instance, supposed to be the nearest fixed star, is about 100 times the diameter of the sun and gives out 6,000 times more light. By some astronomers the entire solar system is thought to be a satellite of Arcturus and to move in an elliptical path of which the star is one focus. According to this theory we

Next! What's funnier than the Bronze Whiskers on the Dupont statue?

I Am Hollering Now.

How would you like to have a REAL problem with which to get a strange-hold on the mathematical geni that solve your "Heard and Seen" enigmas? Here is one for you:

Mr. A rents 100 sheep, to be used on his pasture, from Mr. B for a period of 4 years, the agreement being that Mr. A shall return to Mr. B at the end of that time the original number of sheep plus a rental of 100 sheep. It happens, however, that Mr. B dies at the end of two years, and in order to properly settle the estate, his heirs ask Mr. A to return to them the 100 sheep belonging to Mr. B, and in addition the number of sheep as rental which would have been due Mr. B at that time, basing the computation upon the yearly rate of increase due Mr. B by the terms of the agreement. How many sheep shall Mr. A return to Mr. B's estate?

Of course, about everybody will say that the answer is 100 sheep, but you solve it for them and give them the CORRECT answer. If you get stuck, holler!

NORMAN W. FIELDS.

HERE AND THERE

There is a lot of broken glass seen on the streets, and, of course, the remains of the booze bottle are quite prominent beside the milk bottle. However, the milk bottle has by far the fastest batting average. I figure it thus:

The lady of the house puts out her "empties" in a bunch; the milkman has too many for one load, but rather than make two trips he attempts to carry the lot, and consequently drops one or two and goes on. Also many "roomers" who buy a bottle of milk and take it "home" during an economical streak, rather than tote the empty around for a few cents, throw bottle from the window in the night or dump it on an empty lot; small boys get them, set them up, throw rocks at them and have a good time generally at the expense of your automobile tires.

That Counterfeit Bill.

Somebody the other day gave a problem about a lost counterfeit bill, which, after buying a lot of goods for many persons got back to its finder who then "found" it to be counterfeit. He asks "Who lost?" From the first principle of economics no one mentioned lost on the deals for the bill got back to the one who had started it on its course it had only represented "value" and there had been only an exchange of value. The person who lost was the original loser of the bill.

But, for your expert mathematicians I want to learn the solution for the following. Some time ago I read that the proposition had been solved, but I have never been able to learn the solution. This is it. How can any given angle (Value unknown) be trisected with the use of only a compass and straight edge. Let some of the geometricians get busy.

Should the solution be found and you not be able to publish, please announce it and I will send envelope for you to forward.

JAXON.

I wish to settle an estate, can you help me out of my difficulty? I have \$20,000.00; at my death \$10,000.00 goes to A. B. C. and the other \$10,000.00 I may "WILL." I wish to offer A. B. C. a fair price for his \$10,000.00, and give him the cash now. I am twenty years old, and while I live the said ABC will get no interest on his share of said money. The money now brings me 10 percent, and I have the interest on the whole amount \$20,000.00. Remember that my paying him now affords him the use of the price I pay for his share, or he may put same on interest, instead of waiting until I die. Any suggestions will be appreciated.

Higher Mathematics.

We are minded that able mathematicians positively declare that no two equal signs when they are multiplied together can produce the minus sign as a result. Then they write huge volumes on the square root of minus one (S-1). Let some of the old boys explain. What is the square root of minus one? If such turns up there must be a rational reason.

My explanation is:

W lack a certain specific sign on what is absent from direct sight yet can be seen by reflection. We can sometimes see a thing, that exists really, in a looking glass, yet cannot see the object direct. Being accustomed to reflection the mind reverses the image to its natural shape, but mathematically it is not the same. It is a separate affair. Being an actual subject though reversed in points makes it real and subject to a square root in its plane. If we see a square window pane we know it has a side. If we see the reflection of the same we know it has a side, but it is not the same side in the same place. If you are trying to cultivate intelligence in our people do not start at the top. They believe they are finished product ready to be gathered into the fold. Start at the bottom, the soil is more fertile.

FRED T. HAFELFINGER.

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